

## Scene II

*(The same. The following Monday morning.)*

*(As the curtain rises, PATRICK and JULIA are alone in the room.)*

JULIA. What are we going to do?

PATRICK. We'll think of something...

JULIA. They're bound to find out – it can't last much longer...

PATRICK. Don't worry...

JULIA. Don't worry? For God's sake, Patrick!

PATRICK. We'll achieve nothing by panicking.

JULIA. You will help me, won't you?

PATRICK. Haven't I – I've done everything you've asked...

JULIA. I know – you've been wonderful.

*(They kiss.)*

I need you.

PATRICK. Well, there's no way back. Can't stop now.

JULIA. What's done is done.

PATRICK. I did it for you...

*(They kiss momentarily, then break quickly.)*

*(The Main Door opens and MISS BLACKLOCK and INSPECTOR CRADDOCK enter. She looks worn and tired. Clearly, she feels the loss of BUNNY deeply.)*

CRADDOCK. Ah. Good morning, Miss Simmons. How are you, Mr. Simmons?

PATRICK. *(warily)* Well – thank you.

JULIA. Have you found out any more?

CRADDOCK. We're making progress – we're not interrupting anything, are we?

PATRICK. *(a shade too quickly)* Oh, no – nothing at all.

JULIA. No...

CRADDOCK. Well...

PATRICK. Oh, I see. We'll go and feed the ducks or something.

*(PATRICK and JULIA are about to exit.)*

CRADDOCK. Mr. Simmons...

*(PATRICK and JULIA stop and PATRICK turns to CRADDOCK. They are quite close.)*

PATRICK. *(nervously)* Yes?

CRADDOCK. Did you know you've got lipstick on your collar?

*(PATRICK's hand shoots up to his shirt collar. Clearly, he is embarrassed, and JULIA is, too. But she makes a better job of hiding her embarrassment)*

PATRICK. I – didn't – I mean – I didn't put a clean shirt on this morning...

CRADDOCK. Well, he can't blame you, can he Miss Simmons?

JULIA. Hardly.

PATRICK. Well – the ducks...

*(They are about to move off.)*

CRADDOCK. By the way, Miss Simmons?

JULIA. Yes?

CRADDOCK. You work in the pharmacy at the local hospital, don't you?

JULIA. *(warily)* That's right.

CRADDOCK. Thank you.

*(PATRICK and JULIA continue on their way to the Main Door and exit without another word.)*

There are more urgent things. Now, Miss Blacklock.

MISS BLACKLOCK. I'm really not up to answering a lot of questions.

CRADDOCK. *(sympathetically)* I'll be as brief as I can. But, you've had another lucky escape.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** I find it more and more difficult to accept your reasoning, Inspector. How can you possibly suggest that I was the intended victim this time? Any one of us could have eaten that cake first.

**CRADDOCK.** I know that...

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** And Patrick's suggestion that Clara's honey could have been poisoned is – it's malicious!

**CRADDOCK.** I agree.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** (*in surprise*) Oh? Then how was the cake poisoned? Did Mitzi–

**CRADDOCK.** (*interrupting*) It wasn't the cake –

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** But...

(*She breaks off, clearly upset. He takes out a bottle of aspirin.*)

**CRADDOCK.** – it was these.

(*She looks at the bottle of aspirin, amazed.*)

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** My aspirin?

**CRADDOCK.** Exactly. *Your* aspirin. The ones you normally keep by your bed.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** (*painfully*) No – no...

**CRADDOCK.** Someone wants you dead – very, very badly!

(*A moment's pause. The tension builds.*)

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** I – I'm frightened, Inspector.

**CRADDOCK.** At last! Now perhaps you'll help me find the murderer.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** (*sharply*) I haven't purposely been non-cooperative. I just couldn't believe anyone would... (*She breaks off.*)

**CRADDOCK.** There's no friendship where money's concerned. Did you know Belle Goedler's condition has deteriorated recently?

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** I knew she wasn't well...

**CRADDOCK.** I understand from the Scottish police that she's now seriously *ill*.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** I should go to her. Poor Belle...

**CRADDOCK.** It could be poor Miss Blacklock.

(*She looks at him, afraid.*)

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** Pip and Emma...

**CRADDOCK.** Yes. They are uppermost in my mind, but it could be a combination of them and their parents who are trying to kill you. The father, Dimitri Stanfordis. You said he was a rogue. Would he go as far as murder to *get* money?

(*A moment's pause.*)

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** (*fearfully*) I'll do anything you say.

**CRADDOCK.** Good. You must try to remember everything you can about him – Sonia – and Pip and Emma. Anything and everything. But, the son and daughter in particular. They're uppermost in my mind. Have you any photographs of them?

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** Well – Belle Goedler is more likely to have photographs of them than I am.

**CRADDOCK.** I'm afraid we drew almost a complete blank with her. They allowed the police up there to look all over the house – they found nothing. Have you anything? What I'm hoping is that Pip may take after his father – or Emma her mother...

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** Or the other way round...

**CRADDOCK.** Exactly.

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** There was an old album. I haven't seen it for years. It should be in the house somewhere...

**CRADDOCK.** Find it!

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** It might take a little while.

**CRADDOCK.** Would you like some help?

**MISS BLACKLOCK.** Let me try first! (*MISS BLACKLOCK opens the Main Door.*)

(*PHILLIPA is standing there. She enters. MISS BLACKLOCK waits a moment, then exits, closing the door behind her.*)